THE NATION

JUNE 2, 1962 . . 25c

California Primary:

HAS SUCCESS SPOILED DICK NIXON?

Carey McWilliams

THE ECONOMICS OF AFFLUENCE

Alexander Campbell

GUATEMALA'S SHRINE OF BLOOD

David L. Graham

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LETTERS

Just-War Theory

Dear Sirs: Mr. Theodore Roszak in his article, "Dilemma of the 'Just War'" [April 14 issue], neglected to mention that the only permissible pre-emptive strike that I would consider morally justifiable would be a defense against an imminent, overt attack of which there was unmistakable evidence. Not only would I limit such action to what Professor Ramsey has called "counter-forces," but I would equate moral permissibility with advisability — in defiance of political and military considerations.

A dangerous choice is involved here, I freely concede, but let Mr. Roszak speak up if he believes that we are obliged to accept the TV Western ethic of giving an aggressor a free shot before we resist. Is not Mr. Roszak guilty of the technological naïveté he imputes to theologians if he expects us actually to suffer a possibly decisive missile strike before offering resistance?

And as far as technological expertise is concerned, is the problem as simple as the author makes it? Fallout, for instance, means one thing to Dr. Pauling and quite another to Dr. Teller. Moreover, does not the very necessity of testing indicate a lack of exact knowledge even on the part of the experts?

The author's statements about the "total inapplicability of 'right cause'" and nonexistence of right intention in contemporary practice are, of course, by no means proved in his bizarre appraisal of just-war theory.

I would concede also that moral ambiguities are involved in the contemporary conflict, but if Mr. Roszak, the historian, cannot see any objective distinction between international communistic imperialism and American democracy except that American society "stands taller for most of us than does communistic society," then the theologian is not alone in his distress — or in his ignorance.

REV. ROBERT PAUL MOHAN, S.S., Ph.D.
The Catholic University of America
Washington, D.C.

Literary Tarzan?

Dear Sirs: My book *Contemporaries*—reviewed by Nelson Algren in your issue of May 19 — contains my review of Nelson Algren's *A Walk on the Wild Side*. It is true that I did not like this book and that I thought it a hopped-up and not authentic performance. But must Mr. Algren (who doesn't mention the fact that he is criticized in my book) take his revenge by misrepresenting even the few items in my book (out of seventy-four essays) that he chooses to mention?

My review of Karl Shapiro's *In Defense of Ignorance* was positive enough to draw the poet's grateful thanks at a time when the book was being slammed by everybody. Mr. Algren misrepresents. Even worse, Mr. Algren alleges that my essays on Brendan Behan and Dylan Thomas attack these men. Just the opposite is true! Is Mr. Algren so angry at me that he can't even read straight? Nor does my book contain the slightest attack on Bertolt Brecht. Why does Mr. Algren say that it does? Far from attacking Henry Miller, I make the point — in the essay on Shapiro — that I share his admiration for Miller and that the appreciation of Miller is the best thing in his book.

I don't mind Mr. Algren's playing Tarzan at my expense. If he chooses to present me as an "academic" critic, or as one who doesn't know how to "enjoy" literature, that's his self-centered propaganda. But when he reports on a book, I wish he'd read a little more calmly and try elementary accuracy in describing it. ALFRED KAZIN
New York City

Dear Sirs: Nelson Algren's review of Alfred Kazin's *Contemporaries* is as devastating as truth; and it is no less effective for the fact that others, Granville Hicks for one, have said the same of Kazin. . . .

RAYMOND L. MULLIN
Lanesboro, Mass.

Light on the Campus

Dear Sirs: I would like to see your series of five campus issues put together into a paperback volume and posted in large numbers in the college bookstores throughout the country. They go to the heart of campus life.

HOWARD L. PARSONS
Cedar Rapids, Ia. Coe College

Dear Sirs: The May 19 issue of *The Nation* has done an outstanding job with "Campus Causes: 1962." The variety of insights provided by the authors constitutes one of the most perceptive analyses of student movements which I have yet read. As one who has been active in several student organizations, particularly the National Student Association (NSA), I find myself in almost total agreement with the conclusions drawn by the authors.

Steven V. Roberts' exposition of the machinations which YAF has employed since its inception helps one to understand the real nature and intent of the young right-wingers and their adult supporters. MALCOLM KOVACS
Ripon, Wis. Ripon College

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The Nation, June 2, 1962. Vol. 194, No. 22

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1962 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $20. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs Information Service, Dramatic Index.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1962
VOLUME 194, No. 22

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Primer on Laos

According to the polls, the average American has difficulty spotting Laos on the map of the world he carries around in his head. When he finally succeeds in locating it, there is still the problem of what to think about the troubles there. As a public service, *The Nation* is glad to provide some elementary guidance, all based on first-rate news sources such as *The New York Times, Christian Science Monitor,* St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* etc.

Those dirty Reds, the Russians, are criminally airlifting supplies to the Pathet Lao. We are naturally enraged, but will appreciate their continuing this nefarious trade, at least for the time being. For one thing, it distracts attention from our similar activity (only on a larger scale) in South Vietnam. It also keeps the Pathet Lao from falling under the exclusive domination of the even dirtier Reds in China.

The Pathet Lao broke the cease-fire at Nam Tha; every schoolboy knows that. They had no provocation except that our strongman, General Phoumi Nosavan, was reinforcing his garrison in the area until the soldiers had to sleep standing up. Phoumi meant no harm. He merely wanted to slap the Pathet Lao in the face so that they would chase him. He wanted to be chased because if there was a debacle in Laos we were pretty certain to come to his aid. Thus he was testing our loyalty at the same time. His soldiers showed *their* loyalty by running all the way to the Mekong, although by that time nobody was chasing them.

In the United States, the civilian administration stands sternly over the military, birch rod in hand. The Secretary of State and the President have only to say a word and the military rush into the jaws of hell, or out of it, as the case may be. However, this applies only to our own military, not to the soldiers of free, independent, sovereign nations like Laos which we support all over the world. In Laos, we cut off general aid, so that the civilians there would know who was boss, but Phoumi Nosavan, the military strongman, continued to receive his stipend, as did the assistant strongmen.

All our allies in Asia (and in Europe) love and trust us, and perform our bidding intuitively, as it were. An example is Chiang Kai-shek, one of our veteran anti-Communist employees in Asia. When General Phoumi's troops raced for the Mekong, Phoumi and the light-hearted Prince Boun Oum, flew to Taiwan to plead for aid. Chiang had no cash or material to spare but, from his rich experience as our ward, he told Phoumi and Boun that the way to get things from Uncle Sam was to be tough with him.

Marshal Sarit, our fine dictator in Thailand, urgently requested American forces when the trouble broke out in Laos, but he requested at our request. He was happy to comply, for we have been assisting him only to the extent of a beggarly $20 million a year. Now he can aspire to the hundreds of millions to which his status entitles him. There is even an inference that Sarit bribed General Nosavan to break the cease-fire at Nam Tha as the surest means of being asked by us to request our aid.

Although Sarit loves Americans in uniform and they make him feel secure against the Communist menace, he would rather that each man wore the ring of Gyves, which made its wearer invisible. The people of Thailand are unsophisticated and they would rather keep their territory and their women to themselves. Thus there have already been some disagreements between the occupying officers and the occupied, but these will be smoothed out in the same way that our differences with Adenauer, de Gaulle, et al., are continually being smoothed out.

Is everything clear? These paragraphs should convince any reader of sound mind that we know what we are doing in South Asia and that, be it in months, years or decades, the Communist menace will be abolished and the world will become one great, happy family.

Not Like the Tide

From the time of his arrival in New York to the time when he shook hands with his motorcycle escort, President Kennedy was at his best. He had a grand time and he deserved it. On Saturday he spoke to the rich and raised a cool million for the party. On Sunday he spoke to the poor and aged and inspired them to renewed efforts to get Medicare enacted into law. But in this latter speech—extemporaneously and forcibly de-

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livered—he made a curiously feeble statement on a crucial point. This is a problem whose solution is long overdue, he said, and added: "And this year, I believe, or certainly as inevitably as the tide comes in, next year, this bill is going to pass."

The bill's fate rests in the hands of the House Ways and Means Committee. Nine Democrats on the twenty-five-member committee are considered safe for the bill. One more Democrat is inclined to go along. Nine Republicans are counted solidly against it; a tenth Republican probably will vote against it; and the chairman, Wilbur D. Mills, is likely to vote nay also. To get the bill out of committee therefore requires the affirmative votes of at least three out of four movable Democrats—Harrison of Virginia, Thompson of Texas, Frazier of Tennessee and Watts of Kentucky. As members of the most important committee in the House, all these Southern gentlemen are old-timers, pretty sure of their seats to the end, and when they get sick they go to Walter Reed. They are not too much moved by the cheers and fears in Madison Square Garden. The only one who can move them is the President. He is the leader of his party and it is Democrats who need to be persuaded.

If Mr. Kennedy can bulldoze the bill into the open, it should be able to continue under its own power. The AMA arguments in opposition are so specious that they have smoothed the way for it. The Senate will approve Social Security medical care by amending an unrelated bill, if the House fails to send over a bill of its own. The Republican opposition in the House is irresolute; these Representatives are not so stupid as to want to go into the fall elections with this albatross around their necks. Their only protection is the Ways and Means Committee. The job is up to the President, and it must be done this year, not next. Nineteen sixty-three is not an election year.

Call for Diogenes

The Billie Sol Estes case is, of course, yum yum for the Republicans, even though some members of the Grand Old Party have already been implicated together with the naturally villainous Democrats. What is most intriguing about the case, in truth, is the wide spectrum of upright Americans who seized the opportunity to make a fast buck — or, better, a few thousand bucks — at a clip. *The Wall Street Journal* has painstakingly reported (May 22) on the Estes manipulations and those who did yeoman service in the good cause. When, for example, a representative of the finance companies came to inspect the anhydrous ammonia tanks on which they had made generous loans at generous interest, an Estes lieutenant would ask him to return the next day, so that the records could be checked and the tanks located. This official then telephoned the numbers to a small back room in one of Billie Sol's shops, and several Estes employees went to work stamping the serial numbers on metal plates. On one occasion, number plates were flown to the scene by Billie Sol's private pilot. Then workmen would hurry to the sites of existing tanks (a certain number did exist) and change the number plates. The innocence of the mechanics who did this job is touching indeed. Except around Pecos, only crooks change serial numbers under these circumstances.

The finance company investigators may have been honest, if a bit dumb, but some of their brethren were not quite as pure as Lot's wife. One CIT credit man accepted two $115 suits from an Estes associate; a vice president received a Chevrolet from Billie Sol himself; and a field representative was paid a $500-a-month "consulting fee" by Billie Sol's tank-manufacturing subsidiary. It would not be surprising if more of this sort of thing were uncovered as the investigations wear on.

The horny-handed tillers of the soil are also involved. They maintain steadfastly that they were innocent of any wrongdoing. Only one, who "bought" roughly half a million dollars' worth of non-existent tanks and pocketed $50,000, now concedes he knew the transaction was tainted. "But I have known Billie Sol for a long time," he sighed, "and I thought he would see that nobody got hurt."

"It's difficult to believe the farmers didn't know there was a swindle going on," comments a finance company executive. Difficult? It borders on the impossible. And somebody may not only have been hurt, but murdered, by which principal or accomplice remains to be seen.

Bring Back the Midget

Little noticed, a great figure of the New Deal era died a few days ago. He was Frank W. Braden, seventy-eight, the tireless circus flack who put the midget in J. P. Morgan's lap at a hearing of the Senate Banking Committee in 1933. He marched his midget, a cute little blonde, into the hearing chamber before the proceedings began, set her on Mr. Morgan's lap, and the flash bulbs went off. Bankers were in poor repute at the time and, such being popular psychology, this episode about finished them until, like the phoenix, they rose from the ashes after World War II.

We have learned a great deal in the intervening years and our store of wisdom is bursting its seams, but is there not also a great deal that we have forgotten? Reading such items as the following, one suspects that the forgetting just about balances the learning.

The Los Angeles branch manager and eight salesmen of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest brokerage house, pushed a cigarette filter stock at $6 a share and sold 97,000 shares to the beguiled

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customers. In a few months the stock fell to less than $1. After the SEC began to take an interest in the matter, the firm made good $116,000 of the customers' losses.

Shearson, Hammill & Co. distributed an automatic-merchandizing stock at an initial price of $1 a share. In four months it had climbed (or been lifted) to $18 a share. Then it sank to 50 cents, and the company is now in liquidation.

Stock-brokerage firms are run as sidelines. One employed a twenty-four-year-old butcher to supervise its hastily recruited telephone sales force. Twenty-four hours' training — in some cases, no training at all — has converted vacuum-cleaner salesmen, trotting-horse trainers, ex-beauticians, carpenters, sauerkraut manufacturers and, in at least one instance, an ex-convict, into stock salesmen.

But there is something new in the market which was undreamed of when the midget perched on Mr. Morgan's lap. The Air Force, always in the lead, has opened eighteen stock-brokerage offices in its overseas installations. The Army is studying whether to follow suit. "Moonlighting," or holding down a second job as a stock salesman, is a respected practice at Air Force bases, where such golden opportunities exist. A major may sell stock to an enlisted man, or vice versa. The glories of free enterprise are really endless. While preparing to die for his country in the wild blue yonder, the happy airman may support his country's economy by playing the market.

CALIFORNIA PRIMARY

Has Success Spoiled Dick Nixon?.. *Carey McWilliams*

Los Angeles

CALIFORNIA, booming and bouncing as never before, goes to the polls on June 5 in the first round of an election of extraordinary local and national interest. In terms of issues, it would be rated dull: there really are none. But the stakes are high: the short-term future of the Republican Party in California—and, it well may be, its long-term future nationally. As one state leader told *The Wall Street Journal* recently, California may well be "the crucible for the future of the Republican Party." As an added feature, another chapter —it may well be the last—is being written in the soap-opera political career of Richard M. Nixon. What California can make, California can unmake—and often does. Nixon's career began here—it could only have happened in California—and it may well end here.

Nixon's decision to run for governor was a desperate gamble. If he is defeated in November, he is through. True, he may retain an influence, even a major one, in the Republican Party; but as a Presidential contender he will have had it. No one knows this better than Nixon. When he finally announced on September 27, after a long period of uncertainty, the decision was probably dictated as much by pressures and circumstances over which he had no control as by his own cool judgment. The time had come, his financial backers said, for the pay-off; in all the years since his first story-book election to Congress he had needed them; now they needed him. The party organization was a shambles. Governor Brown had defeated former Senator Knowland by more than a million votes in 1958. A leadership vacuum existed. Someone had to fill it. Nixon was the strongest candidate the party could field in California. Eight new seats in Congress were up for grabs and a strong man at the head of the ticket might help the party to capture some of them. Even so, Nixon might not have decided to make the gamble had it not been that the odds seemed to be shifting in his favor; last June he held a sixteen-point margin over Governor Brown in the polls. The party was in bad shape—this he knew—but he had carried the state in 1960; and no one could have realized, last fall, the depth and bitterness of the intra-party tensions which his candidacy has brought to light.

NIXON'S troubles began with the spectacular upsurge of the Radical Right in California. As might be expected, his handling of the issue has been highly opportunistic. At the outset, he publicly congratulated the *Los Angeles Times* for a series of articles "exposing" the John Birch Society. But a long silence then ensued; he was not quite sure which way to jump. Subordinates, attending Robert Welch's first big meeting in Los Angeles, reported to Nixon that the audience was made up of types that normally make good Republican precinct workers. In the meantime, Governor Brown and Attorney General Stanley Mosk had smartly seized the initiative and made Birchism an issue by their blistering attacks on the society.

It was not until the first Field Report (a local polling service) had demonstrated that the support of the Birchites was a real liability, that Nixon decided to hazard still another gamble. When the 1,200 delegates to the California Republican Assembly (CRA) gathered in Berkeley in March, Nixon startled a group of his backers at a closed-door luncheon by reading a resolution—it had not previously been discussed—which he

CAREY McWILLIAMS, who was active in California politics before he became editor of The Nation, *is the author of Southern California Country: An Island on the Land, and California: The Great Exception.*

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insisted that they should present to the convention. In effect it read the Birchites out of the party. The luncheon over, he then departed in haste for Southern California, leaving his supporters to face the music. In a secret ballot battle that tied up the convention longer than any resolution fight in the thirty-year history of the assembly, a modified version of the resolution was finally forced through after extremely bitter debate. As adopted, the resolution condemned Robert Welch and urged all members of the CRA to get out of the Birch Society; as originally drafted, the resolution had ordered the Birchites out of the party. Senator Thomas Kuchel, up for re-election this year, supported the Nixon resolution and was booed; when Nixon's name was mentioned, there was hissing and booing. Nevertheless, the convention endorsed Nixon for governor by a vote of 276 to 176 (for Joe Shell); in committee, the vote had stood at 34-25. The same convention endorsed Senator Kuchel by a vote of 220 to 112 for Howard Jarvis and 107 for Loyd Wright (beloved by the ultras).

IT IS generally agreed that Nixon paid a heavy price for the Birch Society resolution. It brought into the open, and intensified, the seething undercurrent of bitterness and tension that had been building up in the Republican Party for a long time. The way in which the matter was handled antagonized many moderates and conservatives who felt that Nixon had tossed them a hot potato and then walked out. The young moderates muttered "hierarchy" and "dictation," while an ultra shouted: "All Communists will now vote for the resolution." A member of the resolutions committee, Howard Koester, an aeronautical engineer and an admitted member of the Birch Society (it is interesting to note that many lower-echelon Birchites are connected in one way or another with defense industries), resigned from the CRA and stalked out of the meeting. Nixon's endorsement for the governorship, while a victory, was, as Carl Greenberg reported in the *Los Angeles Times*, "hardly an overwhelming landslide for a former Vice President of the United States pitted against a lowly Assemblyman."

On the face of it, Nixon's final stand on the Birch Society might seem to do him credit; for once he appeared to have taken the high road of principle. But the appearance is illusory. The November ballot in California may contain a severely repressive, anti-Communist initiative measure known as the Francis Amendment. Governor Brown has denounced it as patently unconstitutional and Nixon has questioned its wisdom, but for different reasons. What Nixon is up to is clear enough; in fact, he has been at some pains to make it clear. He wants to make a major campaign issue out of "fighting communism," at which he modestly assures all and sundry that he "rates better than passing grades"; at the same time, he wants to appear to be quite "responsible" about the issue. Seen in this perspective, the anti-Birchite resolution was simply a tactic designed to set the stage for the grand post-primary crusade against communism. So, too, is Nixon's opposition to the Francis Amendment.

In the meantime, Nixon has coasted along in the primary campaign, shaking hands, probing for issues, improvising, trying to avoid embarrassing commitments. He is not repeating the mistake he made in 1960 of "peaking" his campaign too soon. On strictly state issues, Governor Brown has the advantage; he has made a good record and Nixon knows it. So to avoid talking about critical state issues, on which he could not hope to match Brown's liberalism without alienating conservative Republican votes, Nixon proposes instead to "fight communism," which is how he got started in politics in the first place. Somehow—by some black magic—he must capture 90 per cent of the Republican vote and about 20 per cent of the Democratic vote in order to win in November. His tactics are tailored to this necessity.

Dowling: N.Y. Herald Tribune

"How are you coming with the girl next door?"

Oddly enough it is Joe Shell, not Nixon, who has taken a "principled" position—the wrong principle, perhaps, but that's another story—on the Birchite issue. Shell is a big, handsome, six-foot-two former captain and blocking back for the Trojans (since the days of Ernie Pinkert, blocking backs have been "big men" at U.S.C.)—an All-American Boy. His family is well known in Southern California. He is married to the daughter of a rich Los Angeles oil lawyer who for years has been a power in the Republican Party. The independent oil companies—long potent in California politics—are backing his campaign. With ample funds for radio and television, he hops about the state in a private plane, and has received good coverage by the Republican press. He shows surprising strength in Northern California and has managed to win over a number of big wheels in the Republican setup, including A. C. Rubel, former president of Union Oil, once an important fund-raiser for Nixon.

As a politician, Shell's interests are very limited. He is a "fiscal conservative." He wants to see state expenditures cut to the bone—in essence, this is his pitch. As a Republican leader in the Assembly, he acquired a good deal of savvy about state government and, on fiscal matters, knows whereof he speaks. He has tried repeatedly to get Nixon to debate, but without success. Shell's main strength is that he carries an aura of conviction; he comes through to audiences as rather cold and impersonal, but not unlikable — the kind of man of whom people say, "I don't agree with him, but I know where he stands."

On the Birch issue, Shell's position is clear-cut. He says that he is not a

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member of the Birch Society and has no intention of joining it. He feels Robert Welch has been "asinine" in his public statements. But he sees nothing objectionable about the individuals he knows who are members of the Birch Society and feels that it would be improper for the Republican Party to make political pariahs of them. "Any candidate," he said at the CRA convention, "who says that he doesn't want the vote of you and you and you"—pointing—"is simply not telling the truth." But much more to the point is Shell's flat statement that California's economic plight—not communism—is the main issue; he has said repeatedly that raising the Communist issue simply "beclouds" the real issues. At the CRA convention, Shell led the opposition to the anti-Birchite resolution, supported by Murray Chotiner, Nixon's old aide, who is managing Loyd Wright's campaign for the Senatorial nomination. On the other hand, Shell supports the Francis Amendment, but without emphasis.

AT THE outset, Shell was given only about 8 per cent of the Republican vote, but he has gained steadily in the polls. Well-informed sources in both parties told me that he might poll 40 per cent of the Republican vote on June 5.

Any minority candidate in a California primary will poll a certain vote; former Representative Werdel once polled a fair vote against Earl Warren, a very popular Republican Governor. But with cross-filing abolished, a primary vote is now a better test of party strength. Nixon acquired a national reputation in Congress, served two years in the Senate, eight years as Vice President and as recently as 1960 polled roughly 50 per cent of the national vote as his party's Presidential nominee; Shell is only a State Assemblyman. If Shell gets 30 per cent or better of the Republican vote he will be regarded as a "giant-killer" and will be in a strong position to assume command of the Republican Party should Nixon be defeated in November. This, no doubt, is the operational theory of the Shell candidacy.

Noting the virulence of the intra-party feuding, some of the big wheels in the GOP have, belatedly, become concerned about it. Charles S. Jones, of Richfield Oil—one of the companies that picked up the tab for the telecast of Freddie Schwarz's big Hollywood Bowl "anti-Communist" clambake—recently tried to get Shell to pledge unqualified support to the Republican ticket after the primary. What he got was a statement that was "regular" but cool; Shell would support the ticket, but would not make "five speeches" a day as he is now doing.

Nor is Jones the only Nixon supporter whose energies and funds—to Nixon's dismay—have until recently been largely diverted to right-wing activities. Bewitched by the ultras, Henry Salvatori, a one-time Nixon backer, a multi-millionaire (Western Geophysical Corporation), has set up a research institute to study communism and has founded the Anti-Communist Voters League, directed by former Republican Representative Donald Jackson, who served for years on HUAC. Both Jones and Salvatori are concerned about the "schism" in Republican ranks and they are not alone. But given the bitterness of the feuding, it will be extremely difficult to cover up the fissures which the primary campaign has revealed. In an effort to maintain some degree of Republican unity, Nixon is trying to avoid direct attacks on Shell, but Shell keeps up the pressure on Nixon and seldom mentions Brown. There is no mistaking the bitterness of the intra-party fight, particularly in Los Angeles County, which has 40 per cent of the registered vote. The feuding, however, may bring out a proportionately heavier Republican than Democratic vote at the primary; if it does, it should not be construed as a portent of GOP victory in November. In this campaign, the Democrats have a united front, a fact which naturally minimizes interest in the party primary.

PARADOXICALLY, Shell's vote will not be a measure of the strength of the ultras. Two weeks of political interviewing in the state have convinced me that the Radical Right is mostly "noise"—troublesome, to be sure (a lot of money can always make trouble), but not significant. Loyd Wright, the darling of the Birch Society, has made virtually no impression in his campaign for the Republican Senatorial nomination. Representatives Edgar Hiestand and John Rousselot, both members of the Birch Society, face tough fights for re-election; Nixon has implied that he will not support them unless they "make a choice between Robert Welch and Dwight Eisenhower."

Shell's real strength stems from a number of sources other than the Radical Right. There are those who "just don't like Nixon," and will often add, "I don't know why." Many honest conservatives who would not permit Robert Welch to darken their doors regard Nixon as opportunistic and unreliable. The "small owner" element, feeling the pinch of inflation, is inclined to vote "conservative" as a protest against welfare programs of any kind. Republican conservatism also includes several recent, weird accretions. For example, today's "young Republicans," in college and just out, have been sold on the proposition that "the new conservatism" is the wave of the future.

IN A bitter fight, Nixon lost control of the Young Republicans in Los Angeles (where he has also lost control of the county Central Committee); and he came within a few ballots of losing control of the Young Republicans, state-wide. Robert Gaston, son-in-law of Charles S. Jones of Richfield Oil and president of the Young Republicans of Los Angeles, who today calls himself a "Goldwater-Tower-Rousselot" Republican, was a Nixon precinct worker in 1960. The April convention of the California Young Republican College Federation (4,000 members) at the Statler-Hilton ended in a brawl; police had to be called in to quell Shell partisans who contended that the credentials committee had been stacked with Nixonites. These Young Republicans are important; they make good precinct workers. Many of them are in Shell's camp.

Aside from the Young Republicans, a party official told *The Wall Street Journal* that the most common GOP precinct worker is the middle-aged Los Angeles widow, fairly well

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off, with loads of time, who tends to be very, very conservative. Many of these good ladies are aligned with the Shell-Goldwater faction. In fact, about the only elements in the GOP who are enthusiastically for Nixon other than his top backers are the Class of '47, who "went up the ladder with Dick." In a crude effort to cover up this dearth of "activists," Nixon's managers are flooding newspapers with press releases announcing the appointment of Mrs. X as "coffee-hours chairman," Mrs. Y as chairman of "campaign costume jewelry," Miss Y as chairman of "Nixonettes costuming," etc.; but no one is fooled.

Oddly enough, upper-income Republicans, of the kind that you see in the Pacific Union Club in San Francisco or meet in San Marino, make a point of expressing their hostility to Nixon. One of Nixon's key advisers—a real "pro" in California politics—told me that "top management" locally and nationally was critical of both Nixon and Kuchel to a remarkable degree. I spoke with some of these elements and was surprised at the extent to which they seem out of touch with political realities; they appear to have no realization of what a Republican nominee must do to win in California. Like dinosaurs, they suffer from an over-specialization of function. A former long-time top GOP manager in California told me, wearily, sadly, that these big wheels, even the self-made ones, have a habit of ignoring "the human heart."

BUT these are general factors; Nixon is also haunted by some quite specific ghosts from his political past. The Oakland *Tribune,* published by the Knowlands, has been notably fair to Governor Brown; Bill Knowland nurses his share of grievances against Nixon. Former Governor Goodwin Knight is gravely disaffected; he has remained silent, but may well endorse Brown after the primary; no one has better reason than he to dislike Nixon. Many of the friends and followers of Chief Justice Earl Warren were lost to Nixon even before Earl Warren, Jr., dramatically switched his registration to the Democratic Party, became co-chairman of Brown's campaign and issued a statement blistering Nixon. It is common knowledge, he said, that Nixon "wronged" his father. He has discussed Nixon many times with his father; specifically, Nixon's "philosophy and integrity." The Chief Justice has waited ten years to square accounts with Nixon; if he does not succeed, it will not be because he has failed to make his intentions clear.

Then there is former Lieut-Gov. Harold ("Butch") Powers, an extremely popular figure, active in GOP politics for three decades. He, too, is disaffected. In withdrawing from the gubernatorial race, Powers let it be known that he takes a dim view of the chances of either Nixon or Shell to beat Governor Brown, but feels that Shell is "better qualified" than Nixon. He has charged that Republican "kingmakers . . . have decreed in effect that California Republicans must take a discard from the rubble heap of national politics and like it."

To some extent, the Shell vote on June 5 will measure the general and specific disaffection with Nixon. But there is an additional disaffection that will simply shift to Brown in November without being reflected in the primary vote. In other words, many anti-Nixon elements will not care to swell Shell's vote in the primaries for fear that it will strengthen elements in the party of which they do not approve. In any case, Shell's vote will not measure the ultras' strength; it will greatly exceed it. Nor will it measure the total disaffection with Nixon.

SUCCESS must have spoiled Dick Nixon. He should have known that, despite his prestige, he was the person least likely to unify the Republican Party in California. Actually, his candidacy has intensified all of the tensions that have been building up in the party for the last decade. Today, unlike the past, the "soreheads," the malcontents, the ultras, the noise-makers, are in the GOP.

By contrast, the Democratic Party presents, quite successfully, the image of New Frontier liberalism. Since a Lou Harris poll was taken some time back, Governor Brown's advisers have been improving his

Governor Brown

"image" and he has risen steadily in the polls (a late Field Report shows Brown with 45 per cent, Nixon 42 per cent and 13 per cent undecided). Unlike some of his followers, I have long regarded the Governor's alleged limitations as admirable personal traits. His critics say, correctly, that he "thinks out loud." So he does, but you usually know what he thinks. There is no guile or low cunning about him. He has made a good Governor and the Democrats still enjoy almost a 3-to-2 edge in registration. It is worth noting, also, that Brown polled something like 22 per cent of the Republican vote in 1958 before cross-filing was abolished. Stanley Mosk, California's extremely able Attorney General, is assured of re-election and will probably again lead the ticket as he has in the past. State Senator Richard Richards of Los Angeles County has a good chance of defeating Senator Kuchel; this would be a real upset. A recent convention of AFL-CIO threw out a recommendation to endorse both Richards and Kuchel and, by a 2 to 1 vote, endorsed Richards.

Behind Brown, Mosk and Richards is a powerful coalition of forces: the AFL-CIO (the Teamsters also have endorsed Brown), the old-age pension groups, the minorities, the California Democratic Clubs. The Democrats enjoy the advantage of control of the state government and the support of a popular Democratic President. Mayor Sam Yorty of Los An-

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geles, who supported Nixon in 1960, will not support him this year. In 1960, the pension vote may well have carried California for Nixon; but George McLain, the major pension leader, has patched up his differences with Brown and is now backing the major Democratic nominees, including Richards. The powerful McClatchy newspapers — Sacramento *Bee*, Modesto *Bee*, Fresno *Bee*—will probably support Brown, Mosk and Kuchel. The Democrats are well-financed. On the surface, they are running as a slate but, true to ancient California political practice, each is really piloting his own craft, with his own staff and separate bank account.

On balance, the Democrats should make a sweep of it in November (with the possible exception of Richards) and seem likely to win six of California's eight new Congressional seats. (They now hold 16 out of 30 seats; they may end up with 26 of 38.) Above all, Nixon lacks a program, a mistake Earl Warren never made in seeking to win independent votes; "fighting communism" is no substitute for a program on state issues.

All the same, I have one major reservation about Governor Brown's chances. In the eyes of many new voters, Nixon has "prestige"; after all, he almost won the Presidency. He is beginning, also, to have the underdog's advantage and there is, in addition, a curious general conservatism about the "tone" of opinion in California that might spell trouble. But the real danger consists in the possibility of a Billie Sol Estes scandal. If such a scandal should break—the Republicans are looking under every rock—it will not be because of any laxity on the part of the state administration. Nevertheless there are certain obvious possibilities.

DRIVING out Wilshire Boulevard today, one notices that almost every other corner is occupied by an ornate neo-Byzantine or equally ornate pseudo-Egyptian savings-and-loan building; proportionately, there are more "S & L" institutions, as they are called, in Los Angeles than there were saloons in Tombstone. Illuminated billboards and neon-signs blink the magic figures "4.8%" and "4¾%" so insistently that the figures become symbols of the ongoing boom in the mind of the visitor. It is a good inference that a major scandal lurks somewhere in the background of these burgeoning S & L institutions. But if so, it is likely to be bipartisan. In the post-World War II period, the commercial banks let the savings-and-loan institutions take possession of home-construction finance, notably in the new subdivisions which have defaced the landscape from San Bernardino to Santa Monica. The banks were handicapped by certain legal restrictions, whereas an S & L could, with a little juggling, finance virtually the entire deal, including land costs. The S & L also enjoyed what amounts to tax-exemption. In addition to interest, it makes vast sums on "points"—for escrow charges, insurance, appraisal fees, etc.

Southern California's typical investors—middle-class *rentiers*, widows with considerable cash—have surged into the new S & L institutions like converts to a new cult. The motive forces are cupidity and credulity: cupidity because the S & L pays higher rates than banks pay on savings accounts, credulity because the "federally guaranteed" part of the come-on is actually much less firm and reliable than it appears to be. With money pouring in, the S & L has financed a fantastic boom and, in the process, has spawned a new class of millionaires.

Unfortunately, California's prewar building-and-loan setup was inadequate to cope with what happened after 1945. A new shopping center opens. It is immediately surrounded by new subdivision tracts. An economic survey indicates the need for a new S & L in the new community. The existing law does not give the hearing officer any firm criteria on which to base his decision. He can just as easily, and just as logically, give the permit to A as to B, or C or D, etc., but the permit is immensely valuable and only $250,000 is needed to set up shop. So the permit usually goes to the company that has a deserving local Democrat or Democrats on its board, or to the applicant who is wisely represented by a prominent Democratic lawyer-legislator. Actually, the pattern was established and practiced with immense success under Republican administrations. Howard Fieldstead Ahmanson, top man among the S & L millionaires, is the great good friend of former Governor Goodwin Knight and, on Knight's nomination, became vice chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. With assets just under $1 billion, and growing at the rate of $15 million a month, Ahmanson's Home Savings & Loan Association is the largest in the world. Many of his competitors, according to *Business Week* (July 1, 1961), feel that his close friendship with Milton O. Shaw, long-time Commissioner of Savings & Loan, had something to do with his early success.

But regardless of who started the S & L boom, there is no doubt that it is the big gravy train in California politics today. The Democrats are in it up to their necks. A well-known labor leader, city councilman, county supervisors, legislators, party officials, party financial angels, all prominent in the Democratic Party, were identified to me as individuals deep in the S & L gravy. The firm of one lawyer-legislator is said to have taken in more than a million dollars in fees for handling S & L applications.

THE STATE administration is well aware of the keg of dynamite on which it is sitting. Since Brown appointed Preston L. Silbaugh, a former Stanford law professor as S & L Commissioner, the boom in S & L companies has slowed down a bit, but the train is still rolling. Every element in California politics has its special S & L tycoon as a patron: the far Right has Joe Crail, Nixon has Howard Edgerton, former Governor Knight has Ahmanson — whose Egyptian and Byzantine structures nowadays invest his name with the sacerdotal hush-hush qualities associated with a Pharaoh—while the liberal Democrats have Bart Lytton. S & L is a gravy train to end all gravy trains, but it is not likely to be exposed unless there is a depression. Should a scandal break, it would be difficult to foresee which party would suffer the most devastating fallout.

Another and more immediate danger is to be found in the person of Jesse Unruh, Speaker of the Assem-

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bly. Unruh is the successor in Sacramento to the legendary Artie Samish (see: "The Guy Who Gets Things Done," *The Nation,* July 9, 1949) who, for years, was the boss of the lobbyists and therefore boss of the California legislature. In the wake of Artie's conviction—and the conviction of some of his lieutenants in the legislature — a vacuum was created which Unruh has filled. Special interests no longer deal with lobbyists; they deal directly with Unruh, who has whipped the former Southern California "liberal" bloc into a potent force with which he wheels and deals. Riding for a fall, Unruh is a sitting duck—typecast as the perfect "heavy." Like Samish, he is fat, vulgar, egotistic and ruthless. The Unruh image is hard to reconcile with the New Frontier image of the Democratic Party; but then, he runs, to some extent, his own show.

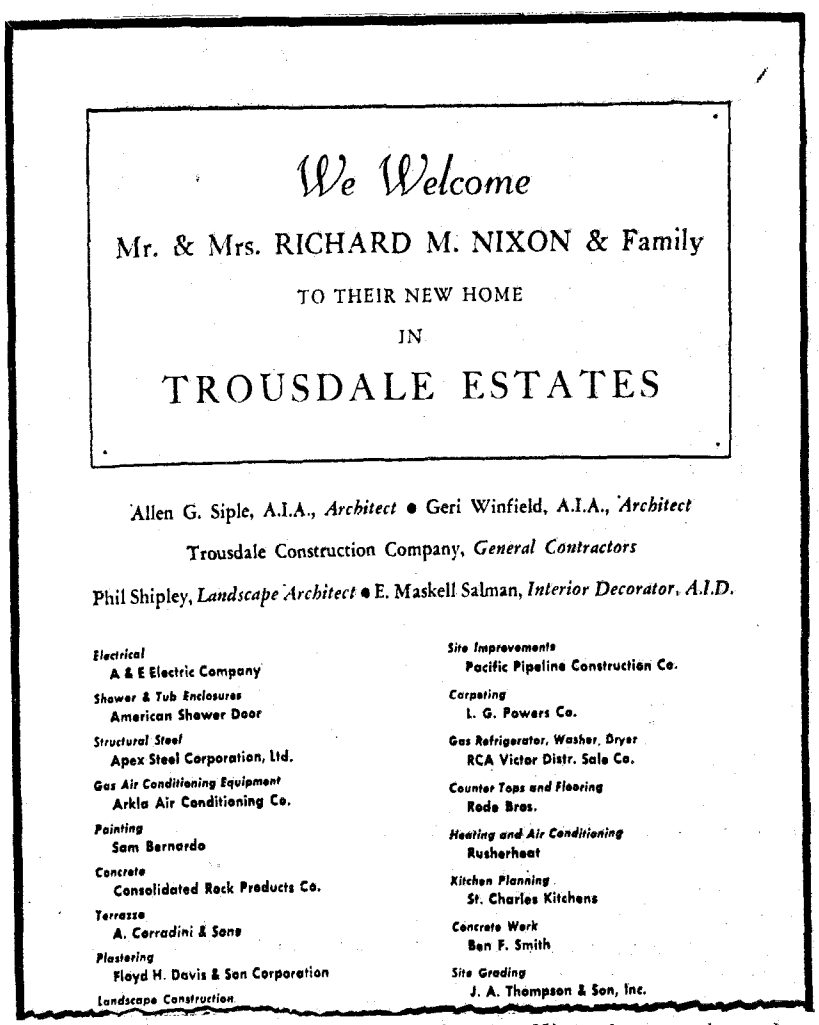
A DEFEAT for Nixon and possibly Kuchel (the Republican Whip in the Senate) would have many meanings. It would be cited as proof of the Goldwater thesis that a moderate Republican cannot defeat a liberal Democrat and that undiluted conservatism is the best — the only hope — for the Republican Party. It would mean, specifically, that the California delegation to the Republican convention in 1964 would be up for grabs.

The California delegation will be a big one—and it will portend more than it represents—for by 1980 the state will have, it is estimated, a population of 30,000,000.

In the wake of a Nixon-Kuchel defeat, Shell would be the logical man around whom the pro-Goldwater elements might build a delegation. As an Arizonan, Goldwater himself is at a certain disadvantage in California; the Arizona-California feud over the waters of the Colorado River still rages. On the other hand, it is possible that a defeat for Nixon-Kuchel might be so bitterly resented by responsible Republicans as to make it extremely difficult for Goldwater or Shell to pick up the pieces. In any case, a defeat for Nixon-Kuchel would mean that the "liberal Republican" stance which Chief Justice Earl Warren cultivated so successfully in California before cross-filing was abolished, has probably run its course. Even if Kuchel survives (as he may), he will have, in effect, one foot in the Democratic Party. A victory for Nixon and Kuchel would, of course, strengthen the position of the "modern" Republicans.

Not only are the stakes high in California, but the pattern which will be set there this year might well become the national pattern of the 1960s. For California is today, more even than in the past, the American nation plus: it is the pace-setter, the trend-maker. Every minute it acquires a new resident. Every month it acquires the equivalent of a medium-sized city. Every year it has been acquiring enough citizens to fill a city the size of Oakland or San Diego. For the last decade, it has grown at three times the rate of New York (in the last census, New York lost two seats in Congress, California gained eight). The emergence of such a center of population and power on the West Coast is certain to result in significant shifts in national political patterns. Politically, California is a phenomenon to be watched very carefully throughout this decade. Whatever the "waves of the future" may be, they are likely to start here.

CURRENTLY the Angelenos are suffering from an imagined or fantasied vertigo. They are certain that Los Angeles is "going up"; the city is skyline-conscious. But it is not so much the skyline that has changed as it is the pattern of the lights throughout the Los Angeles plain. The symbol of this change is the new Dodger Stadium in Chavez Ravine, once a Mexican shacktown slum. Since the Dodgers play most of their games at night, the big blaze of the lights can be seen from any spot in the city, if only as a reflection. On first impression, this new blaze



Everybody who made a penny on the new Nixon house welcomed Dick warmly. (*From adv. in* Los Angeles Times.)

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where once was darkness seems to have distorted the pattern; actually, it merely emphasizes the degree to which the great belt of lights has spread eastward and, at the same time, become more dense and brilliant in the middle reaches. Shown these lights for the first time years ago, Elsie Janis broke a long pause with the gently murmured query: "When will all of those lights come together and spell Marion Davies?" Today, if the lights were to spell anything, it would be "Walter O'Malley," or perhaps the cabalistic symbol: "S & L: 4.8%."

Up from Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills is the new luxury subdivision of Trousdale Estates, founded by Paul Trousdale and reverently regarded by most Southern Californians as a kind of hillside Versailles. Here, late the other night, the latest and most celebrated of all the "celebrity homes" in the tract was pointed out to me: the new mansion of Dick and Pat Nixon, their two daughters and faithful Checkers. It has seven baths, three fireplaces and a 900-square-foot, S-shaped swimming pool.

THE question is not what did it cost, but what did Nixon pay for it? Trousdale says that the lot was sold to Nixon for $35,000, but would now sell for $50,000. "We built him a home on contract for $100,000 and he added $25,000 in extras and $25,000 in landscaping. He paid us around $125,000." Maybe. But estimates suggest that the mansion as it stands—lot, landscaping and furnishings included—represents an investment of around $300,000. That it was sold as a "celebrity deal" is conceded, but it is not known what Nixon's price was—in concessions, shaded prices and the rest. Currently Nixon is trying to make an issue of the fact that the Teamsters Union is backing Governor Brown; but Teamster pension funds, to a total of more than $6,000,000, assisted in financing the Trousdale Estates.

It is to this curiously mixed-up social scene, in which Teamsters finance lush subdivisions and home construction provides the new gravy train, that Dick Nixon has returned after his fast ride to fame and fortune in American politics. Characteristically, he sees nothing improper in permitting Trousdale to exploit the "celebrity aura" that attaches to those who have occupied the office of Vice President. As in 1952, the faceless, amoral Nixon is still on the make, still "fighting communism," still full of tricks, haunted as always by the lack of self-knowledge, of identity that makes everything he says sound empty of meaning and turns everything he touches into putty. But from way up there, high in the upper reaches of Trousdale Estates, the lights sparkle clear and bright for Dick and Pat; win or lose, they have it made—at last. Every night, for a full week, they can bathe in a different bathroom.

THE ECONOMICS of AFFLUENCE.. *Alexander Campbell*

THE AVERAGE American is an amiable soul, respectful to his second wife and over-indulgent to his fifth child. But, in the eyes of the average Bolivian—or Asian, or African—he is what Saul Bellow has called a pig in heaven. This is because the average family income in the United States now stands at around $7,000 a year, and moreover is rising at a rate of about $200 a year, whereas the annual income of an average Bolivian, Asian or African family is closer to $100.

These are the people whom Fowler Hamilton, Administrator of the Agency for International Development, has described as pre-Galileo; and there are a billion or so of them. From where they squat, the Japanese clerk or industrial worker, with his $720 a year, is a rich man. The European working man is a millionaire. And the American, with his automobile, his television set, his suburban home, his movie projector and his colored shirts (all Americans are still believed to wear loud-colored shirts, as affluence symbols) is so incomparably and beyond normal human experience filthy with money that he must be just the sort of paunchy capitalist that the Russians say he is. A pig in heaven.

Manifestly, the New Testament axiom that the poor ye have always with you will not be true of the United States much longer; for, even though it may be argued that to talk of "average" income is grossly misleading and that there are still millions of Americans who go hungry to bed, the hard fact remains that the *median* American family has an annual income of almost $6,000, and that the income of this representative family has risen, in terms of dollars of constant value, by 40 per cent since 1947.

And yet the affluent society is no less manifestly a very dangerous and uncertain place still. Insecurity pervades it, which is probably the chief explanation of that puzzling phenomenon, the so-called rancid Right. The stock market last year was at its highest point since 1929—an ominous anniversary. Profits, in spite of the grumbles of the steel companies, are at least as high as they were during the Korean War "boom." But the number of bankruptcies is also a record.

Above all, the position of the employed is parlous. The worst sort of insecurity is job insecurity; and this is a problem that the postwar American economy has never licked (or, some caustic critic would probably like to add, ever really tackled). Since 1946, the United States Government has been specifically charged, in the Employment Act that was passed that year, with seeing that both maximum production and maximum, or full, employment are attained. But what has actually happened? While the European coun-

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tries, with generous American help, heaved aside their ruins, rebuilt their economies and created almost more jobs than they have people to fill them, in the United States the average rate of unemployment has gone up from 3 to between 5 and 6 per cent as an annual, year-in, year-out figure.

IN EACH of the last three recoveries from recessions, throughout the fifties and now in the sixties, the level of human debris in the form of unemployed men left by the receding black waters of slump has been somewhat higher than before. A graph of the mountain-chain of unemployment in the postwar United States shows a series of rising peaks, each higher than the last. Europeans cannot understand this. It does not only perplex and bewilder them, it enrages them. If the pre-Galileo billion think that Americans are pigs in heaven, the post-Keynesian Europeans think Americans are great fools. This year, I attended a meeting in Washington addressed by the Secretary of Labor, Mr. Goldberg, by Walter Heller and other eminent American experts on the economy. As one after the other recited the same dismal statistics of stubborn and apparently incurable unemployment—for nobody seemed to think the rate could be reduced to below 4 per cent in the reasonably foreseeable future—the European who sat next to me, the Labor Attaché of a small but prosperous and fully employed country, could scarcely contain himself. He bumped agitatedly up and down in his chair, clenching and unclenching his fists, and muttering furiously to himself: "Folly! Utter folly! What imbeciles!"

Some Americans think it folly for the New York construction electricians to demand—and get—a twenty-hour week, at high pay. But, in the context of current unemployment, they seem to be only carrying out the exhortation of Sam Gompers that as long as there is one American who seeks work and cannot find it, the hours of labor in this country are too long.

It is true that the economic growth rate is a mere 2.93 per cent per annum, which compares very unfavorably with other developed countries. It is also true that existing plant is being used only to the extent of an average 86 per cent (much lower in steel). Those who condemn the laggard growth rate usually want to speed it up by creating more investment capital. But what is the point, if existing capital is blatantly under-utilized? In the past ten years, recessions have cost the United States about $175 billion in lost output. In every year since 1956, there has been a gap, steadily widening, between both actual output and potential output with existing facilities, and actual facilities and the greater facilities that could have been created out of faster economic growth. Nevertheless, the United States will probably achieve this year a Gross National Product of around $570 billion, which is far and beyond what any other 186,000,000 human beings on earth are capable of achieving. But it will do so with about 15 per cent of its existing plant idle, and with over 5 per cent of its labor force unemployed as well. There can be little doubt as to what is the immediate problem confronting the affluent American society.

WHILE economists scratch their heads, trying to find productive work for idle hands, the scientists diabolically add to the affluence, which has helped create the problem, by proffering plastic houses that won't burn down, carpets and clothes that won't wear out, grass that hardly ever needs mowing, and a motor oil that may never need changing. The soil is now so fertile that the National Planning Association thinks that neither existing farm programs, nor any that appear likely to be adopted in future, will prevent large surpluses. The nation, according to Orville Freeman, the Secretary of Agriculture, is spending $600 million a year on piling up hundreds of millions of pounds of butter in order to support prices at a level at which potential consumers of butter are compelled to go without. Mr. Freeman, an unhappy cross between Canute and the Sorcerer's Apprentice, is kept busy trying to sweep back seas of milk. One hour of farm labor produces four times as much food and other crops as it did in 1920. The net result is to make the farmer hopelessly dependent on the state for a living wage. Mr. Freeman sadly records that the earnings of an *efficient* farmer are only 82 cents an hour.

Perhaps the most chilling statistic of all the statistics of affluence says that the existing Gross National Product, by far the largest in the history of the world's far-and-away richest country, could actually be maintained at its present level without difficulty *and while adding another 2.5 million workers every year to the human scrap-heap of the four or five million already unemployed in America.* Thanks to automation and other technological advances—if in those circumstances the word "advances" is the right one — the labor market of the sixties is said to be shrinking faster than a Hong Kong sock, at the rate of between thirty and forty thousand jobs *per week.* The number of new, non-farm jobs available has gone down in recent years from an annual 3.5 million to about one million. But, during the sixties, there will descend on this rapidly shrinking labor market a total of about 26 million new workers —or a third more than jobs had to be found for in the fifties—thanks to Americans having recently become almost as fertile as their soil.

With people being over-produced, apparently, in the same way as cotton and wheat, will there be a price-support system for humans, as there now is for food? Even Communists insist on a correlation between working and eating; but might not the government in the United States be faced with a need to support part of the population through public works? Buying has already been described as a patriotic duty, and William Gomberg, of the Wharton School of Finance, has asked if compulsive consumption is to be the only alternative to economic collapse. Here is a serious question for pigs in clover.

ONE WAY out that has already been tried is consumer credit. But even $55 billion of consumer credit, added to record income levels, still leaves 15 per cent or more of the nation's industrial capacity unused. In attempts to stimulate demand for their products, manufacturers are

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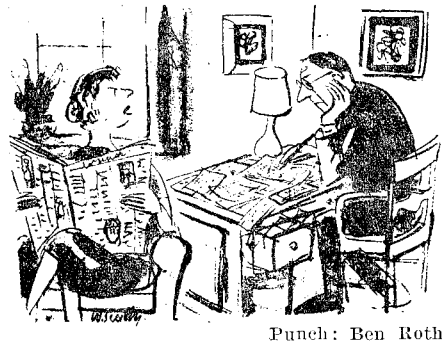
offering such giveaways as free homes, automobiles and vacations abroad. So-called premium goods (which include fallout detectors) have become a $2 billion a year industry. Arms spending has been seriously described as almost as much an answer to structural unemployment as to Khrushchev. Providing jobs might be called a lunatic-fringe benefit of the armaments race. Defense orders have far eclipsed Hollywood as a source of jobs and incomes in the Los Angeles area.

There is also the space race, and space is a happily inexhaustible, bottomless—and topless—common market that presents no danger of job-destroying imports in return. Shooting the moon is a kind of long-range WPA. Two space rockets—like two cathedrals, or two pyramids, and unlike two competing railroads—are better than one.

The exhortation to never mind what you buy, just keep spending, daddy-o! naturally rouses apprehension in the hearts of businessmen and taxpayers. Hence suggestions to slice the budget, skimp on the United Nations, halt foreign aid, housing and public works, and go slow on education and social security. Those who attack President Kennedy as a spendthrift à la Roosevelt have short memories and do not know how lucky they are: Roosevelt soaked the rich, but Mr. Kennedy (so far) has only gently squeezed those rich enough to be able to eat. But, when the Administration proposes investment credits as a way to expand and modernize producer facilities, it is difficult to refrain from asking how this will help, when such facilities are admitted to be already in oversupply.

WHAT, then, *is* the answer to the problems of the affluent American society? The valiant Secretary Freeman may have supplied at least a clue when he said recently that, at any rate in agriculture, laissez faire (economists' jargon for unregulated private enterprise) had proved to be totally unworkable, and that either farmers wouldn't get any price at all for their product, or they would have to put up with some kind of management of supply. W. H. Ferry, vice president of The Fund for the Republic, is saying exactly the same thing when he argues that the complexity and interdependence of the twentieth-century, scientific-industrial state calls for nation-wide planning.

If, as usually happens, it is asked who is to do the planning, the answer certainly should not be the members of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives. So far, unfortunately, it is only in the Soviet Union, a country that lags far behind the United



Punch: Ben Roth

"Why, in this age of affluence, do you have to be the odd man out?"

States in either industry or affluence, that 40 per cent of the top politicians claim to have had a scientific training. There is in fact no one (in the USSR or anywhere else) who has been properly trained for the tasks of the new age into which we have all been hurtled. In the end, the new men may come from organizations like The Fund for the Republic or the Commitee for Economic Development — themselves products of the affluent society, as are the "think factories" of the Defense Department, like the RAND Corporation.

One irony of the situation is that planning tends to be opposed per se by businessmen who, if successful, are themselves essentially planners. They deny to the commonweal the very techniques that they employ as heads of large and efficient corporations. Thus their thinking is pre-affluent, although it is they who, with the scientists, are the midwives of the age of affluence.

In almost every American industry, between two and five big companies are responsible for two-thirds to five-sixths of all production and sales. These affluent corporations are run by persons who are well-paid managerial experts: planners, in other words. (Mr. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense, was one: the Ford Motor Corporation paid him well over $400,000 a year for his skills.) A few quite simple facts explain why such corporations are successful. Costs in general decrease with size, and do not rise again (for the law of diminishing returns applies to whole industries perhaps, but not to firms). Research (which incidentally implies planning) is a function of size, in relation to industrial organizations.

That the planning now so excellently done by the large corporations requires extension on a nation-wide scale ought to be self-evident. As one instance, it is a fact that in the next forty years the population of the United States will very likely double. The problems involved, and they are many, will either be groped through, or successfully grappled with by intelligent planning.

NATURAL resources are still being squandered in the United States, because of the still inchoate approach of the several federal agencies. But more intelligence ought to come into play, with the formation of the new Office of Science and Technology. It is of the greatest significance for the future that, of the $14 billion currently spent each year on research, $10 billion are federal spending. Perhaps the best hope of curing unemployment, present and threatened, lies in the stimulation of vast new industries through federal research.

The sensible alternative to either featherbedding or unemployment is plainly a correctly planned "mix" of goals between production and leisure. The so-called "invisible hand" cannot resolve the problems and stresses of rapid technological advance, including automation, without creating human hardships to a degree that Senator Goldwater would not dream of permitting to come to pass. Adam Smith, in the eighteenth century, wrote that "What is prudent for the conduct of every private family can scarce be folly in that of a great kingdom." What has to be faced up to is that, in today's conditions, this is almost the exact opposite of the truth. It is as misleading as the unnecessary, quite futile, lemming-like

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suicides of small businesses; or the belief that all mergers are both sinful and economically wrong; or that large firms price their products so as to cover their short-run marginal costs. The fact is that the very meanings of the words we all use are changing: income, profit, wages, cost. It has been well said, for instance, that the modern businessman, instead of striving for a profit, almost arbitrarily chooses an income, and then devotes his serious attention to minimizing his taxes.

SOME old New Dealers continue to insist that the solution lies in continuing to try to increase consumption, which they claim never has been really tried at all. But the Peace Corps experiment strongly suggests that the younger generation of Americans (true to their Puritan ancestry) have already turned away from this proposed line of conduct. They apparently have no desire to strive to make America a material heaven of consumption goods at the price of being called pigs by the underprivileged billion. They are surely right, for while the United States is the first affluent society, the rest of the world is very far indeed from being even moderately well-off. Indeed, if Americans set themselves to removing every slum in their own country, and then rebuilding, there would be no unemployment and little leisure. When Latin America and the vast undeveloped nations of the world are brought into the picture, it becomes plain that affluence for the great majority of mankind is still only a dream. The example of the United States makes it clear that it can become a reality. But, paradoxically, the affluent New World cannot be brought in to redress the imbalance of the poverty-stricken old unless the United States consents to disregard the rules of the pre-affluent "classical" economics that still hold sway in less fortunate, pre-affluent and pre-Galileo societies.

GUATEMALA'S SHRINE of BLOOD . . *by David L. Graham*

Guatemala City

THIS CITY has a new shrine—the Law School of San Carlos University. Here last April three students, machine-gunned by the military police, crawled in to die. Left unchanged is the spot where their blood, drying as it trickled down the steps of the entrance, coagulated on bare stone.

Such is the regime of President Miguel Ydigoras. Today, as during previous dictatorships, it is the students at Guatemala's national university who, backing no party and seeking no gains for themselves, are leading the struggle against government deceit, corruption, tyranny and assassination. Not with plastic bombs or arms smuggled from Cuba are they fighting, but with civic rallies, strikes and an unconquerable faith in democracy.

Hundreds of Guatemalans have been wounded and some sixty or more have died in the demonstrations that were touched off by the government's flagrant rigging of the Congressional elections of December (a wholly unnecessary fraud, since the Ydigoristas already had a majority). To the long-suffering citizenry, this was the final degradation, the last straw.

DAVID L. GRAHAM, an American free-lance writer, spends much of each year in Latin America.

Many of the dead had been students, some of them children; for high school boys and girls have also joined in the protests. With martial law in force and terrorists in command, the exact toll cannot be known. But all through March, April and May vague reports have leaked into the press—now heavily censored along with TV and radio—of opposition leaders picked up in the dead of night, shot, tortured, exiled or shipped off to undisclosed places of detention, one of them a stockade in the Peten jungle.

And so Guatemala's tragic history grinds on—a tragedy flecked with farce. The aging and bizarre President has clung to his lucrative post with a tenacity and cunning that would be comic were it not for the disaster being inflicted on the nation. Recently he had inserted in the press a full-page announcement, boasting that while the University of San Carlos had declared him *persona non grata,* The William H. Prescott Institute (working out of a Washington post-office box) had conferred upon him the Spanish-American Order of William H. Prescott, Grand Cross Extraordinary Special (according to *Prensa Libre,* May 5, 1962).

Typical was his switch in the Cuban affair—first denying that any invasion bases existed in Guatemala, later bragging about them as the *quid pro quo* for American pressure on Britain to yield him British Honduras. After telling reporters that a Cuban gun-runner had been sunk off the Guatemalan coast, he later confessed that the report was a phony and had been issued to boost national morale.

SCANDALS in government, like the shooting of unarmed civilians, are brushed off by the President. Little has passed through the hands of the administration without part of it sticking to someone's fingers, 5 per cent being the official rate. Of some 1,200 government purchases, only three were arrived at by public bidding. Well-planned and much-needed projects like the Breaux Bridge refinery and Cementos Cruz have come to a standstill because management balked at pay-offs.

In such an atmosphere, business has stagnated. The Gross National Product, which had an average annual *increase* of 2.5 per cent during the previous ten years, *declined* in 1961. Meanwhile, dollar reserves fell from a high of 72 million in 1957 — the year before Ydigoras assumed the Presidency — to 37 million at the end of 1961; they are still falling. Money is so scarce that borrowers are paying as much as 5 to 10 per cent interest—monthly.

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Yet with foxy, sidelong glances at Washington, President Ydigoras continues to lay the blame for Guatemala's insurgency to Castro-communism, though even publications that might want to believe so, like *Time* and *Newsweek*, reiterate that the disgust with him emanates from all sides. The brains of the country are against him to the last organization. That means all students, both university and high school; the university trustees; all faculties of the university; all professional associations (including the Guatemalan equivalents of the Bar Association and the AMA); the National Association of Teachers, the Newspapermen's Association, the Municipal Council of Guatemala City (which has a population larger than that of all other cities and towns combined), and the entire labor movement. All have demanded the President's resignation.

SIMILAR demands have come from not only the Revolutionary Party (which has swung over to an almost central position), but also from the Christian Democrats, a Church-dominated party of the Right, and from the extreme rightists of the MLN (Movement of National Liberation). This last, ironically enough, is composed of followers of the late Castillo Armas, the CIA-puppet foisted on Guatemala in 1954 and assassinated in 1957. The President's political cunning and the ambitions of various politicians have split the opposition about half a dozen different ways. Three additional left-wing parties, including the Communists, have too small a vote to be registered or to run candidates.

Well-organized, unprincipled and provided with cash and arms—not to mention its connections with the Army—the MLN is probably the group most capable of seizing power if both Ydigoras and the Army should step aside now.

For the anti-Ydigoras ground swell is a civic movement only, a spontaneous overflow of patriotic indignation; in no sense is it a revolutionary movement. It has no program, no leader and no common goal aside from the dumping of Ydigoras and possibly the purging of the December election frauds. Nobody with whom the writer talked would venture predictions, except that all were confident that sooner or later Ydigoras would fall. Worsening business conditions, they felt, would cause the financial and land-holding elite, and hence the Army, to force his departure.

But whether Ydigoras disappears tomorrow, as well he might, or lingers on to the end of his term two years hence, is now unimportant. For after the March demonstrations —twenty-one dead, untold hundreds wounded and beaten up—had culminated in the massacre at the gates of San Carlos University, Ydigoras seemed to bend before the storm of popular outrage. He yielded, that is, to the extent of promising to reshuffle his Cabinet to conciliate the opposition. A crazy solution—as if the people didn't know that the orders for the March crack-down had come from the top.

More than a week passed while, presumably, he sounded out candidates. But apparently none from the ranks of "lawyers, doctors, workers, and professionals" whom he had counted upon to fill the vacancies in his Cabinet cared to join the Ydigoras team. Or perhaps by now the Army had come out bluntly and told him the score. Anyway, the nine new members of the Cabinet as finally announced on April 26 were all military men.

THE price the ruling colonels meant to exact for their support has come high—nothing less, obviously, than complete control of the government. This fact began to emerge on May 3, when the Army's public-relations department swallowed the President's information secretariat. In other words, the President's chief means of communication are now in the hands of the Army. Moreover, the new Cabinet ministers are still on active duty with the Armed Forces.

Another indication that Ydigoras has become a subordinate was the announcement that his fat ($12,000 a month) salary would be adjusted downward to bring it in line with the salaries of other Latin American Presidents. Demands are growing that he relinquish control over the government's "confidential funds," which amount to over a million dollars a year, and prune his relatives from the federal payroll.

Although the Army is currently supporting Ydigoras or, more accurately, using him as window-dressing for a military dictatorship, the future remains as obscure as before. No one knows what the Army will do, since it reflects all shades of the nation's political spectrum. It has its reactionary colonels, of course, and probably a quota of Communists. Important elements are loyal to the MLN founded by Castillo Armas, whom another element assassinated.

For the American Embassy no doubt Ydigoras has been more of a cross to be borne than a helper. Certainly his election in 1958 got no visible support from that quarter. What one senses more strongly is Pentagon influence, as exerted through the Guatemalan Armed Forces. Can the Pentagon and the CIA let fall a man who has done so much for them? This trend began in 1954, when President Arbenz had to resign because the Guatemalan Army, under United States pressure, decided to swap colonels in mid-Presidency.

The 13th of November rebels are convinced that they were bombed by American pilots. Weren't the unmarked planes there to support the Cuban invasion? At that time, too, certain Guatemalan military units, wavering between Ydigoras and the mutineers, were harangued by American military personnel, with the implication that if the Guatemalans didn't go to work on the rebels, the American Air Force might have to.

As for that little Alliance for Progress the United States has been running in Guatemala ever since 1954, when the Dulles brothers decided to make a showcase of the Castillo Armas country—surely the present crisis is comment enough. How can our $150 million handout be described except as a tranquilizer to facilitate economic penetration? For eight years a feudalism benefiting the coffee oligarchy and a handful of American corporations has proceeded as usual, with the result that the economy is headed for bankruptcy and the political situation is smoking like a powder train.

But many see a ray of hope no

(*Continued on page 504*)

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Iris Murdoch: the Uses of Love

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE. By Iris Murdoch. Viking Press. 344 pp. $4.95.

A SEVERED HEAD. By Iris Murdoch. Viking Press. 248 pp. $3.95.

Earl Miner

AN UNOFFICIAL ROSE is a triumph for its author and, in another sense, for her admirers. But it is no easy novel to summarize. The blurb calls it a version of the family novel. If so, it is twice filtered through Restoration comedy and once through the Russian novel. Its plot has no single hero, though the grandfather, Hugh, is related to all the other characters. He buries his wife in the first chapter and subsequently tries to recover his old liaison with Emma. He fails, because she is now "protecting" young women, with one of whom Hugh's son, Randall, runs off, leaving his wife, Ann, to be wooed by Felix, though in vain since Ann's daughter Miranda thwarts the prospective marriage with the jealousy of her youthful passion for Felix. Miranda is indifferent to her Australian cousin Penn, as Felix's brother-in-law Humphrey is not, while Humphrey's wife, Mildred, pursues Hugh. Remarkably, such a seemingly jumbled plot is rendered at once clear and convincing. The novel's texture may be too poetically tight to win universal popularity, but it is richly attractive.

Iris Murdoch's fifth novel, *A Severed Head,* appeared to the high expectations of those who had anticipated a mature advance upon the increasing depth and brilliance of the first four novels. Not that the earlier work was mere apprenticeship; even *Under the Net* (1954), her first, had obviously transcended the fiction of the fifties, which it somewhat resembled in the rebellious bohemianism of its social environment. The *Flight from the Enchanter* (1956) had deepened the comedy of the first with a symbolism and a theme of potential disaster in the characters' management of their lives that only the most meticulous reader would have understood earlier. *The Sandcastle* (1957), with its wit and its analysis of the forces holding and shattering family life, had seemed to bring more normative experience into play; and *The Bell* (1958) had enlarged Miss Murdoch's fictional world by the introduction of two social and religious microcosms of our time.

A Severed Head has had its admirers —among them Miss Murdoch herself, who prefers it and *Under the Net* to the rest. It is, however, seriously flawed. It treats the failures of love among five unbelievably tolerant, accommodating people—a pentagonal affair of unconvincing motivations. The novel is fissured to its center, partly because Miss Murdoch seems unable to decide whether her characters are overrefined or overpassionate; partly because their motivations are insufficient and because the action is made to move in unconvincing directions; and partly because the tone is uncertain. Tonal uncertainty is probably the most revealing symptom of artistic ill health. The second chapter, with its ponderous first-person exposition, introduces a Jamesian "center of consciousness" who is too prissily limited to be taken seriously and yet too sensitive to deserve his author's ironic dismissal. The novel excites that unwilling suspension of belief we feel when an admired storyteller labors a humorous story.

THE former assurance has returned with *An Unofficial Rose,* bringing with it a new scope. The plot, seemingly so agitated in résumé, lends a unified depth to the varieties of love, because it is shaped by a meaningful form and is accompanied by a profound and disturbing penetration of human behavior. Curiously, it makes sense of *A Severed Head* which had, to some extent because of its flaws, already revealed more of Miss Murdoch's world than the earlier novels.

The plain fact is that there were few people who even claimed to understand what the earlier novels "meant." There had indeed been some discerning discussion of them. (I am particularly indebted to R. J. Kaufmann, *The Nation,* March 21, 1959, and to Malcolm Bradbury, *Critical Quarterly,* Spring, 1962.) Yet it is true that the essential elements of her special vision had escaped our definition. One read, admired, felt the depth beneath the surface, and sensed the intellectual power. But what truth the art expressed lay always just beyond formulation, escaping our discovery at the penultimate moment.

Certain things became familiar, almost clear, and continue in the sixth novel. There were those recurrent images of toys, dolls and *objets d'art.* There were the repeated motifs of action—enthralldoms by "enchanters" and attempts to escape. There were always weak characters and strong ones. There were obvious though indistinct philosophical implications embodied now in dialogue, now in realistic detail, and repeatedly in symbols. There was a precious maturity of attitude, whose breadth could be typified in the remarkable assurance with male thought and motive. And always there was that great symbol from English Romanticism: the sea and other magical bodies of water. What could the swimming scene mean in *Under the Net*—or that title? Or what the pealing beneath the pond of *The Bell*?

It cannot be said that all was obscure before *An Unofficial Rose* or that all is now clear. Yet *A Severed Head* had shown that the author was focusing upon the complexities of love, both because it is in itself a subject that absorbs her and because it best represents for her the complexities of human relations. Love—whether heterosexual, homosexual, friendly or sadistic—either requires or results in a vision liberated from personal subjectivity. But the liberation brings a comic and terrifying nakedness. It becomes almost impossible to avoid either exploiting others or lapsing, from failure of nerve, into a greater sterility than that of the initial subjectivity.

SINCE Miss Murdoch is a philosopher, one is led to say that her novels move from an ontology expressed in character relationships and in plot to a secular metaphysics expressed in theme. Love is therefore crucial as a subject: it is the readiest means of portraying individual being and the existential problems involved in the effort to reach other individuals. But love is also a metaphor with which the author seeks to formulate a more inclusive reality that at once describes and evaluates. The fullest assessment tends to escape the characters, since they are immersed, each in his own

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sea of being. And since it is at once symbolic and metaphysical, it tends to escape the reader as well. Yet the theme develops from real enough characters and plots, and it is rather the technique, the metaphors of style and of action, that gives the work its depth. The metaphysical theme shuns ordinary or overt ethics—Miss Murdoch's refusal to pass the usual novelist's judgment on her characters is at times hilarious, at times terrifying. The theme is essentially an assertion as to the springs and limits of knowledge in which emotions and even actions are as important as ideas: what we know in this triple sense is comically limited and well-nigh tragically important to us. Such limited "knowledge," understood, is fullness of life.

SO tortured if oversimplified a reduction is necessary to make clear a major change in Miss Murdoch's style and especially in her much-praised comedy. In *Under the Net* the central character comes to understand his ethical, metaphysical place. The main characters of subsequent novels are increasingly denied such an insight and, as a result, the comedy shifts from laughter to ironic awareness. In *A Severed Head*, unfortunately, neither Lynch-Gibbon's degree of awareness nor the superiority of our knowledge to his was clear. But in *An Unofficial Rose,* the final perception of the dynamism of love—understanding of oneself and others—is denied the characters. Their failure is rendered into a richer awareness for the reader, who beholds in the deficient understandings of the characters a most subtle balance of points of view—in both the Jamesian technical, and in the general, sense. More than this, the sensibility and the tone of the author possess the maturity of the greatest artists. The characters in her ironic comedy are insufficient, but her disengagement from them is a token of her enveloping affection. They are wholly and movingly revealed, and it is finally true that it is not so much they as the human condition that is inherently ironic—and loved.

This comedy of human insufficiency is given uncommon formal beauty and is expressed in assured technique. The narrative point of view is an omniscience qualified by focus in the consciousness of this or that character. In thirty-six chapters, the point of view shifts no fewer than thirty-two times and with delicate modulations of the degree of focus. The nine major characters strive in a moving symmetry of scenes so skillfully parallel that recurrent images and even repeated elements of dialogue only heighten our awareness. Two deaths affect the survivors as much as their own actions, and the whole is beautifully paced by revelations and climaxes. The rose symbolism is developed in numerous ways to figure love; and at last the water symbol has clarity: "The old eternal preoccupied ruthless sea" of life in which (as Matthew Arnold said) we are "enisled."

The humor of the early novels is not gone, but it is shaped into a frightening revelation of the human hollowness of the strong and the moral capacity (but human incapacity) of the weak. We and the author know this; the characters do not. With such a theme, Miss Murdoch helps us reclaim "the density of our lives" as she put it (*Encounter,* January, 1961); we are allowed the satisfaction of having understood our own insufficiencies.

The novel can only be called comic, and it is fitting that no one character is allowed to dominate, much less to achieve both understanding and capacity. The shifting point of view allows the characters to see and feel what happens, though with minimal understanding, while our perception steadily grows. The dialogue, the rumination and the description are masterly.

The novel is not perfect. There is an odd syntactic uncertainty at the beginning and upon occasion later. More seriously, Miss Murdoch still exhibits her weakness for the potentously but gratuitiously "symbolic." Such names as Felix or Miranda threaten us with an allegory that is not worth bothering about. As she is said to have confessed at Yale in 1959, she finds she needs to guard against her proneness to symbols. Yet these are minor blemishes on a comic masterpiece that is as disturbing in its revelations of human weakness as it is satisfying in the maturity of an art now so wholly articulated that it possesses the resonance of poetry. It is not her art or technique that is new, however, but her vision in her art. Only she could have written it; but the intelligence, the ironic awareness, and the conviction that our insufficient lives matter, is something every reader can but choose to make his own.

The Eye of a Cyclone

THE LINDEN TREES. By Carlo Levi. Translated from the Italian by Joseph M. Bernstein. Alfred A. Knopf. 171 pp. $3.50.

Elias Cooper

THE POET Umberto Saba has said, "After Maidenek all men have in some way been diminished. All of us—executioners and victims—are, and for many more centuries to come will be, much less than we were before." In *The Linden Trees,* his narrative of travel in Germany, Carlo Levi agrees with that judgment, but postulates that "even at the extreme edge of the dehumanized a new human moment can come to birth." It is for that "human moment" that Levi searched in Germany. He is not sure that the absurd violence of the past may not be "in some mysterious and necessary fashion also in ourselves." The Germany of today represents to him the most important mystery of our time. Is the new Germany different? "Our very life," he says, "depends on this."

Carlo Levi did not go to Germany as a hunter of facts, incidents, or news items. He spent only two short weeks there. It was his first visit to the country and he admits that what he offers are the hurried impressions of a humanist. He has none the less written with greater insight on the German reality than have most experts or experienced travelers since the end of the war. He does not attempt to answer all questions, nor pretend to be able to do so. The German reality, he admits, does

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not allow an easy definition, but he was struck by the contradictions of Germany and by her ambivalence. The difficulty he encountered in attempting to analyze the German reality he attributes to the fact that "Germany is hiding." She is not hiding from Carlo Levi or from others, but from herself, from Nazism, which the author terms a "trauma of immeasurable magnitude." He sees the Germans undergoing a natural process of repression which enables them to go on living while hiding the Nazi past. There is, he says, "a deep inner censorship at work throughout the entire country." He likens this Germany in the center of Europe to "the eye of a cyclone, the calm center in which the air is unnaturally still." Levi persistently speaks of Germany as "sleeping" with eyes "stubbornly shut." Just as sick people try to get well by sleeping, so Germany is trying to recover by refusing to face reality.

LEVI'S impressions are drawn from hurried visits to several Bavarian cities and the two Berlins. In Munich he stayed at the Hotel Vierjahreszeiten (the Four Seasons Hotel), where twenty-five years ago the Munich Pact was signed. Now all that is noteworthy about the place is the massed presence of gluttonous women and fat gentlemen consuming the "intestinal" wealth that blankets Germany. Several blocks away, at a beer hall, a bereaved father poured out his soul to Carlo Levi. "Whose fault is it?" the old man asked, and answering his own question he said, "It's God's fault — because God is Jewish." At another place a young architect told the author, "My brother is a doctor. I design houses for small families—and let's not talk about wars." Are such chance encounters enough, one may ask, to form an impression of so vast a country as Germany? They do not suffice if one is looking for statistical verification of a proposed phenomenon. But an impression is valid when one encounters the same readiness to defend the new Germany and the same reluctance to speak of the past on the part of derelicts, refugees, anti-Nazi exiles returned home, prosperous businessmen, waiters, farmers, engineers and university professors.

Levi found Germany a land of contradictions. There is Dachau, filled with new inhabitants—disconcerted refugees from East Germany—and there is the medieval harmony in the workers' homes that belong to the ancient Fugger company complex in Augsburg. There is modern, shiny, industrial Stuttgart ("This desert of busy, hardworking, painstaking, persistent men, their eyes so firmly riveted on the object of their labor, or on money, its equivalent and symbol, that they cannot look either to right or to left"), and serene Tübigen where Hegel, Schelling and Hölderin were students together.

MOST visitors to Berlin are quick to notice the contrasts between the two halves of the city. The familiar story tells of brightness, wealth, the absence of ruins as reminders of the past death and inhumanity, and the freedom of thought and economic opportunity in West Berlin; as opposed to the drabness, poverty, the numerous bombed-out dwellings, the suppression of the spirit and the egalitarianism in East Berlin. To Carlo Levi, the humanist, these are only first impressions. They did not escape him, but he writes: "... I felt that the contrasting things I had seen in my first look at the two Germanys sprang, albeit in contrary fashion, from the same entity—as though they were but two faces of the same coin, on one side a human face, on the other an eagle, both stamped by the same die." To Levi, the two Berlins, and the two Germanys, are identified in their opposition. Each half carries to extremes the principles of the world that governs it. But the Berliners, despite the tenacity they display for these opposing ideals, do not really believe or hold to them. It seems "as if in both camps the two roads now being traveled—moving farther apart with each passing day until the distance between them might seem unbridgeable—were nothing but a means of action." Champions of separate causes, they are none the less champions of the same mold. They are like one flock of sheep arbitrarily divided, and distant trumpets can cause them to stampede in an unpredictable direction.

Whether the new Germany is different or not is a question that Levi never answers. What he has done more poignantly than any other observer is to portray a unique historical process at work in Germany—a mass repression of the recent national past. This refusal to thrash out the Nazi past on all levels of society, including the intelligentsia, is certainly dangerous. It facilitates the cry of *"Deutschland erwache!"* to be started up again, and "like a sleep-walker abruptly aroused [Germany] will open its eyes with a mortal shriek of violent madness." This central theme is captured more vividly in the original Italian title of the book, *La Doppia Notte Dei Tigli*, which is taken from two lines in Goethe's *Faust* ("Fiery glances see I flashing through the lindens' double night."). Joseph M. Bernstein's translation is otherwise excellent.

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The Jester

AMEN HUZZA SELAH: Poems by Jonathan Williams. Jargon Books. $1.95 paper.

Gilbert Sorrentino

JONATHAN WILLIAMS is an extremely witty and clever poet, who springs from a combination of e. e. cummings, the Poundian definition of *logopoiea,* and Olson's ideas on projective verse. It is an elegant sort of verse, although it constantly hovers on the edge of the merely clever, as in:

> Flogged with a *feruum,*
> young goats
> dance out of
>
> old goat skins
> * * *
>
> Skin back the year,
> turn over,
> you new leaf,
> ewe

Certainly, there is a dedication that lifts this verse out of the so-called "wit" of John Updike's *New Yorker*-isms, or

GILBERT SORRENTINO'S most recent collection of poetry is The Darkness Surrounds Us (*Jargon Books*).

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the thin humor of Ferlinghetti. Updike gets by because his readers expect that it *is* that way ("just you and I get this poem, pal"), and Ferlinghetti's readers "know" that it is that way ("we're hip, man"). When Williams fails, he fails obviously and honestly, as in the above quotes. But, at times, his poems complete themselves fully, they remain organic, the tropes and twists of language remain true to what he wants to say: in other words, he is at his best when he stops working at the urbanely elegant:

I cut the stuff,
a whole blue field: figwort
's what they call it

This particular day I put a car thru it,
very fast,
out the gate, second gear, sharp right—

out of ourselves also say,
a few miles only, but

quite out, and up:

There is certainly no other poet that I am aware of who writes in exactly this vein of wry humor held in place by a heavy reliance upon what words can do when they are fitted together in unexpected patterns and rhythms and rhymes. By the way, the rhymes are always used to enforce the ludicrous intent of what is being said, as if the very tool of rhyme were meant to be used to poke fun at itself—which is perhaps true for Williams, except that it limits him strictly to *that* use of rhyme. He has given himself a handicap here, since the reader familiar with the poems gets ready for a twist of cleverness as soon as he sees a rhyme.

At any rate, Mr. Williams is fresh and funny, his poems turn and change constantly, and he writes (although this is meant with no pejorative intent) the finest light verse in the language. I keep hoping, though, for a "return" to the kind of concern shown in a poem in the *Black Mountain Review 6*, published in 1956, in which the poet rises above his seeming avowal to be witty, and uses his talents in a way that is not demonstrated in this book—

We, the
heirs, hear other rustlings (

the grass stirs like an androgyne,
the man in our heart stands
his fear
on its head,
savagely—
inversed, nervelessly,

we sweat past each other,
unrelieved:
bitter landscapes,
unlovely

In this unusual departure from his métier, Mr. Williams shows an area of himself that has been too long absent from his work.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

London

THE Broadway theatre season wilts in mid-April; the London season appears to flower in May. Examined separately, the blossoms of the London bouquet are not unfailingly charming; still one is no doubt pleased with the impression of fresh color here.

It is perhaps paradoxical to think of Arnold Wesker's latest play, *Chips With Everything* at the Royal Court Theatre (the recognized center of England's new drama), in terms of color. It deals with the peacetime training of raw R.A.F. recruits. Yet such is the verve of the production and the vigorous fluency of the writing that one is inclined to overlook the fact that the play is something of a documentary and as such not quite as memorable as one had at first supposed.

There are very good things in it—apart from the admirable direction by John Dexter and the fine functional settings. A vivid characterization is that of Corporal Hill who promises his boys a bloody tough eight weeks of drill under his charge. On duty, Hill is savagely sadistic; in the "privacy" of the barracks room where he shares the recruits' "accommodation" he is no worse, and in some respects more considerate, than the others. There are several other sharp thumbnail portraits.

The nub of the play is class conflict in the peculiarly British sense. The educated and well-born are one class—more aloof and it would seem impregnable than what wealth makes of an American industrialist or his son. The working class is treated as—and to a large extent feels itself—a race apart; not so much inferior as isolated from the esteem and moral privilege of the upper class. This separation, which one had supposed altered since the war, is still sufficiently marked to provoke anger and scorn among a whole new group of British dramatists, novelists, journalists.

Wesker's play attempts to be "objective" about the situation, but its effect is at once melodramatic, defeatist and, in its psychology, unconvincing. One guileless working-class recruit is broken by brutality; the upper-class rebel among the trainees is insidiously demoralized and brought to heel by having the purity of his motives questioned—a plot turn which is barely credible.

Wesker is a determined Socialist, so one seeks the play's point—improperly perhaps—in that knowledge. One surmises that Wesker is trying to say that the only hope for change is through the resolute struggle of the working class alone; that no solution is to be expected from upper-class idealists.

The cast in *Chips With Everything* testifies to the development in Britain of a group of young players capable of acting realistic plays with disciplined power. The feeling that the evening as a whole inspires is one of devotion, which needs only to be informed by positive aims and by substantial ideas to achieve stature.

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of the advancing British theatre is the Royal Shakespeare Company whose director, Peter Hall (now joined by Peter Brook and Michel Saint-Denis), operates not only the theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, but the Aldwych and the tiny Arts Theatre Club in London as well. This organization, built around a core of distinguished actors on long-term contracts, offers a continuous repertory of new and classical plays.

The latest of this company's productions is Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. It has its merits, but my enjoyment was impaired by knowledge of the original German text (Brecht falls flat in any but the most brilliant of translations) and by my familiarity with the work of the Berliner Ensemble, whose long-thought-out and severely meticulous preparation through months of rehearsal cannot possibly be reproduced in the comparatively short time that even so ambitious an acting group as that of The Royal Shakespeare Company is permitted.

I found greater pleasure in John Gielgud's "traditional" revival of Sheridan's *The School for Scandal* played by one of those expensive, virtually all-star casts, which the London theatre—particularly the H. M. Tennent management—can afford.

I had not seen Sheridan's play (written, in case you've forgotten, in 1778 when its author was twenty-seven) for a good many years. It is a delightful piece kept sparklingly alive by the tart prickle of its prose and its gracious humanity. The performance at the charming Haymarket Theatre is a little uneven in quality and style, but Ralph Richardson as Sir Peter Teazle is entirely winning, Laurence Naismith as Sir Oliver Surface is endearing and Margaret Rutherford, for all her inveterate and veteran mugging, is very funny. However one may cavil at details in this production, the play emerges in smiling triumph.

FOR standard professionalism, nothing can excel Peter Ustinov's *Photo Finish*—an enormous box-office success. Ustinov himself takes the central role (he is also co-director of the production) and plays it with consummate skill. No doubt about it: Ustinov is an exceedingly clever man—highly endowed in every theatrical respect.

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The play, which is called "an adventure in biography," presents an octogenarian novelist (Ustinov) who, in the course of writing his life story, recalls his person at various stages from infancy to adolescence, to youth, to middle age. All these ages are embodied in different actors who converse together, challenge, mock and commiserate with one another. The novelist's father—impeccably impersonated by Paul Rogers—younger at the time of his death than the octogenarian son who addresses him, is also an important figure in the Ustinov gallery.

All this you can well imagine is most ingenious and might lead to something like psychoanalytic perception. What it does lead to in this case is a certain amount of fun and a grudging or a fulsome admiration for the author's inventiveness. The writing is slick, salon-witty and safe; it is empty of real content. Admirably cast throughout (Diana Wynyard acting the novelist's wife at various ages is also first-rate) the play is a tour de force of showmanship—at least half an hour too long, and finally tiresome.

SEEING *Photo Finish* and the double bill of Peter Shaffer's two new one-act plays, *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye*, I thought, "How much smoother talent is than genius." For Shaffer, like Ustinov and so many other accomplished craftsmen, can fashion handsome, civilized gadgets of entertainment which make intelligent pastimes without drawing blood—that is, without in any way arousing us from the comfort of convention, without changing us. Shaffer, who earlier wrote *Five Finger Exercise*, probably aspires to be something more than a latter-day Pinero, but at present he reaches only as far as Terence Rattigan. His message is benevolence, a plea for tolerance, an exchange of sympathy among fellow men.

Shaffer is still a novice—albeit one of unmistakable assurance—and no judgment about his evolution and future contribution should be undertaken at this point. The sentiment which animates his work might conceivably lead to creation. But up to now he has written as one who demonstrates his thesis cleverly for stage purposes rather than as one intimate with those for whom he begs our compassion.

There is an oblique confession of this in the second of the two plays mentioned: *The Public Eye*. The public eye is the author's. A young and, for unstated reasons, confirmed bachelor, acting as a private detective, plays Puck or fairy godfather to a nice, near-beatnik woman of indeterminate origin and the businessman she has married—decent, informed, slightly stuffy. Their marriage is due for disaster because she seeks the romantic excitement of constant discovery, whereas he wants her to settle down to the role of understanding helpmate.

The play is wittily written, a very agreeable confection, deftly acted by the three members of its cast—but it touches reality with its finger tips only. Its connection with the truth of marital relations is largely conversational—the wisdom of the glib acquaintance who drops in on a family quarrel and gives apt yet irrelevant advice.

Where reality is approached somewhat more directly in *The Private Ear*, the content is, oddly enough, closer to the trite. A young man of the working class is as sensitive as he is unworldly. He left school at an early age and the proof of his sensibility is his addiction to music from Bach and Britten to Puccini and to the painting of Botticelli. He invites to his digs an even more abysmally uneducated girl he has met by chance at a concert, assuming that she too is one of those lonely, underprivileged souls who take solace in music. He prepares dinner for her with the aid of a more "experienced" (coarse) friend. The upshot is that the girl—as common a Cockney lass as can be—is attracted to the fast boy and is only momentarily melted by a recorded love duet from *Madame Butterfly*. She slaps the face of her hapless host when he makes a tentative and tender pass. Scarred in spirit, disillusioned, the boy smashes the record with which he had sought to hold the girl.

This should be touching—several of my friends professed themselves moved—but it struck me only as "effective." For, apart from the ordinariness of the play's scheme, one finds the author manipulating his material for comedy gags on the one hand (malapropisms and presumably hilarious variations on the types to be found in the proletarian plays of the new British drama) and for tear-jerking pity for the unfavored on the other. We are made to feel benign without the least scratch of conscience.

The Private Ear is extremely well acted by Maggie Smith, one of the best younger players here, who in certain of her traits resembles both Julie Harris and Kim Stanley. The pantomime of petting which accompanies Puccini's music is most expertly managed by Peter Wood, a director who knows his business.

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ART

Max Kozloff

FOR A WHILE it looked as if New York might be treated to a refreshing, old-fashioned Salon des Refusés. Long before it opened, the Modern's current show, "Recent Painting USA: The Figure," was said to have incurred the animosity of a number of prominent painters who could advance more or less good reasons for being included — but who weren't. It was therefore with anticipation, a little spiced, perhaps, with hostility, that I attended an exhibition called "Figures" (shown by the Kornblee Gallery in a rented East Side palace) which opened, not by chance, on the same night as the Modern's. Here were grouped some of the rejected or malcontented, who might justify themselves, one hoped, by their intransigence. No such luck. Instead of a "protest," we had only a tepid "supplement" whose good sense and spirit of compromise speak volumes for the decrepitude of modern figure painting in this country. It is lucky that we are not obliged, in this instance, to choose between the academy and the *avant-garde;* for it would be impossible to do so. No one was doing any real rejecting, and that was precisely the trouble.

Psychologically, the problem of momentum for a new human image in painting is a delicate one, as it is with any counterrevolutionary force that wants to identify itself with the future. One advantage figure artists may have is to ride the crest of, not only a current distaste for abstraction, but a hunger for the reappearance of *Man*, and an affirmation of his spirit. But how to bring this about while remaining true to one's own independence of vision — which makes every artist a "revolutionary" — is a matter of anguish. Since they lack the cohesion, to say nothing of the radical program, of a specific movement, the figure artists cannot claim aggressiveness for their actual motifs. Moreover, to gain the overbearing egotism (substitute vitality) without which their work is lifeless, they have to jeopardize, perhaps even sacrifice, the continuity with tradition which is their basic premise.

Their dilemma consists of their untenable relation with the past. Artists can either awaken their past because it is suddenly wondrous to them, or that past may endure in them because they are not conscious of it. If there is any point to isolating figure painting today, it must be in the notion that there is some "rebirth" afoot. But the figure painters at these two affairs are neither genuinely seduced by their tradition, nor do they sustain it by a certain necessary innocence. Even though they would have it sanction their efforts, the past for them is nothing more than the repository of unfelt procedures. They are condemned to stimulate us by the soporific — thus, of course, canceling themselves out.

SUBTLER pressures reinforce this predicament. One is the question of definition: what, after all, is meant by the bloodless term, figure painting? Since the dissolution of genre art, and the faltering of abstraction, this is a vexing problem. Cajori, Wonner, Rivers and Marsicano hardly solve it by slight insinuations of the figure into essentially abstract work. At the other end, Hirsch, Landau and Marcus never get past an affected illustration. In both situations, there is something wrong with the sufficiency of the figural presence. One either gets a painting with incidental figures, or figures without painting — a sorry choice. Neither Rembrandt nor Courbet, Velásquez nor Degas (the last of the great European figure artists) had to ask themselves if they were creating figures: they painted them as Molière's character spoke prose, without knowing it. How embarrassing then, and difficult, once our figure painters have discovered what they are doing, to forget it.

Curiously, the most ambitious among them, those in best position to define the figure, concentrate on it to the exclusion of psychology and style, and perhaps even risk their own individuality. It is odd how a certain kind of artist, whose modesty is a sign of his aspiration, appears in both shows. Fairfield Porter, John Button, Nell Blaine and Alex Katz variously preserve a detachment that scrupulously avoids anything that might be in the least contentious. The clichés of conventional Action painting, Expressionism, Romantic Surrealism, along with their attendant fringe benefits of drips and nostalgia, quite rightly do not tempt them. But the idiom which results from their discretion is not so much fastidious as colorless. Not committing any gross aesthetic blunders, responsible, moreover, for straightforward, extraverted painting, they nevertheless convince us that their modesty is justified. Among such as these, only Philip Pearlstein achieves an intensity which, however, is unsatisfying because his intelligence has not been able to conquer specific academic mechanisms in his form.

AS FOR the exhibitions themselves, the one at the Modern, for all the resources of that museum, is decidedly the poorer. Out of 1,841 artists applying, only seventy-four were accepted. But as the committee drastically pared down the number of entries, it permitted the percentage of lapses into bad taste to go up. Conceding the arbitrariness of the whole format, I was yet surprised to see many inclusions as weird as the exclusions. The Kornblee affair was a shade evener, and entertainingly installed, but more ingrown. A few artists were to be seen in both shows, evidence of a destructive amity of concept in the two affairs, rather than the productive enmity of which I would have approved.

It is hard to escape the impression

MAX KOZLOFF has recently received a Pulitzer Fellowship in Critical Writing and a Fulbright Scholarship for study in Europe. In the fall, he will go on leave of absence from the magazine, but will contribute occasional articles from abroad.

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that these shows are essentially premature, that they try to take the temperature of the figure when no temperature exists. A malaise, on the other hand, there is. In this post-abstract era, representation or nonrepresentation is not an issue, academic drawing has long been bankrupt, and false humanism, transparent. Very few any more, at least among the young, are in the habit of conceiving the figure within the age-old context of its thoughtless dignity. But the unnatural does not automatically produce the significant. No one can be unsympathetic to the "return" of an interest in human relationships in art.

Rather than an interest in humane concerns, however, the current painting reveals a hankering after them; in this, it exposes its own reluctant corruption of consciousness. While at it, I may as well also churlishly complain of a failure of nerve, and a lack of irony (except for Goodnough and Wesselmann): either one of these spells trouble; together they promise disaster for a new sensibility. Entering into well-trod country, the figure artist travels a road on which his deficiencies are going to be much more, and much earlier, apparent than his contributions. Neither phoniness nor humility will be enough to breathe new life into old forms.

(*Continued from page 497*)

further away than Mexico and as big as a stocky, medium-sized man. Living in exile in Mexico City is Dr. José Arévalo. Scholar, ex-President and political genius of Guatemala, Dr. Arévalo once before returned to his native land in time of crisis and established a stable, honest, progressive government that survived no less than thirty-one attempts to overthrow it.

Dr. Arévalo, who regards politics with the amused zest of a master, is eager, but not over-eager, to resume the Presidency. Being neither a military man nor a millionaire, he has no prospects of re-election except through constitutional means. Difficult as this looks, he cannot but be moved and flattered by his countrymen's need of him and their faith in his destiny, which is almost mystical.

The obstacles in the path of Arévalo's return are many. Would the Army permit it? Besides, the government has a warrant out for his arrest. Furthermore, some believe that by law he would be ineligible for re-election until Ydigoras completes his term of office—by which time chaos or another man might dominate the scene.

Then, too, the United States may be against him. Not, as of yore, for his leftist slant—his government was nationalistic, socialistic and anti-imperialist, for he has broken openly with Castro and declared himself on the side of the Western democracies in any international conflict. Official U.S. objections could arise from the fear that Arévalo, after gathering the majority of his countrymen around him—as he almost certainly would—might then rescind the constitution of 1956, with its submissive attitude toward foreign capital, and restore a 1945-like constitution, prohibiting the exploitation of mineral and petroleum reserves by foreign companies, for example, and setting the stage for some real agrarian reform.

It would be ironic if the United States threw its preponderant weight against the return of Arévalo. For the time being, at least, he appears to be not only the one politician capable of pulling Guatemala together, but a man around whom the entire non-Communist Left could rally and so preclude a Communist take-over.

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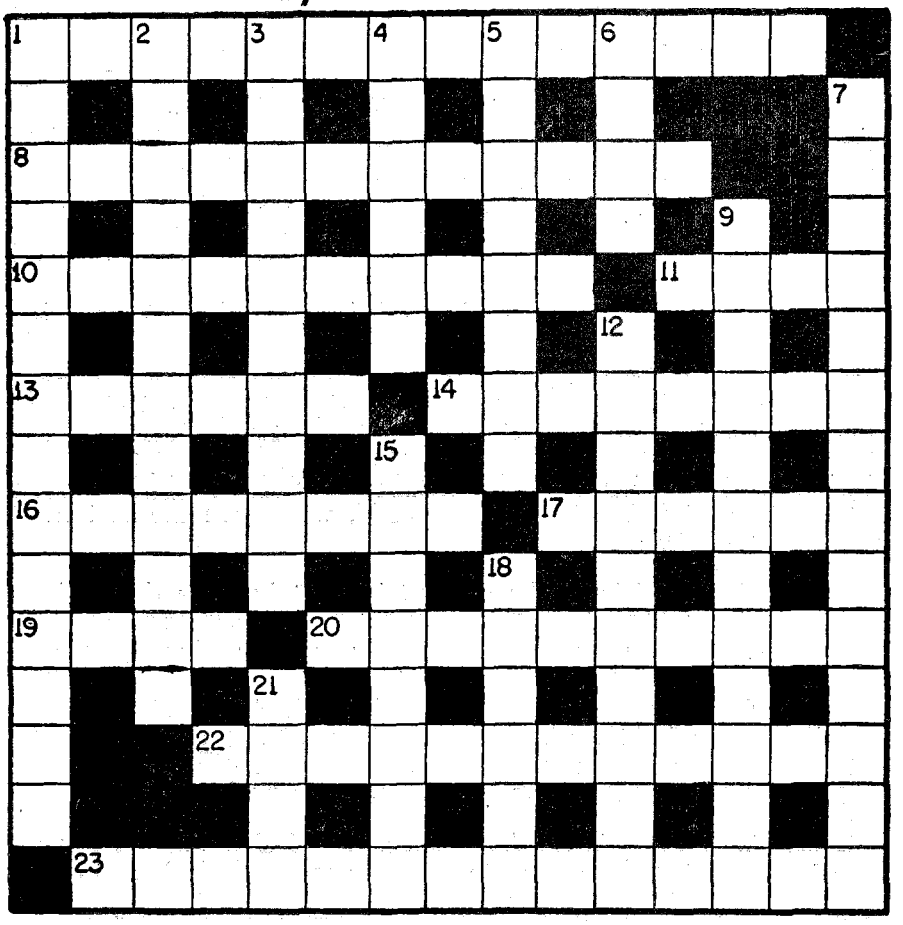
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The pitch of their voices is essential to their public presentations. (14)
8 Get ready to fire the French underground hangouts and small craft. (12)
10 Little Thuthie might pronounce this not to be considered like Miss Brown on the stage. (10)
11 But not for a tin, possibly! (4)
13 An encouraging remark for a sort of hungry 14 to take up! (4, 2)
14 Little by little one might get him clean. (8)
16 One certainly can't say the leader leaves no stone unturned about the city here. (8)
17 Is nothing added to the A-bomb explosion? Then shoot! (6)
19 What is implied by it? Alack, the sound! (4)
20 Prefigure a warning of course, with what went in and out in a child's garden. (10)
22 An acceptable member might be found in this, which a stationary sentry might have. (4, 8)
23 An appropriate notation for the eye surgeon's bill, in draft form. (7, 2, 5)

DOWN:

1 Does nothing get tidied up by them? (6, 8)
2 Actively shows a 19 for something. (12)
3 Give up? (10)
4 This Athenian orator is a sly one! (6)
5 Putting out? (8)
6 No aspiration to the heights? (4)
7 Is not as close to Man as the name suggests! (3, 4, 2, 5)
9 Going down? Not so likely, if you're in the habit of it. (12)
12 An eruption in certain unspecified objects seldom given for food. (10)
15 Somewhat like an ice-cream holder? (8)
18 Was she associated with a big shot? (6)
21 Weapon that puts up one shot? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 964

ACROSS: 1 Hassocks; 5 Trunks; 10 Sherman; 12 Inter; 13 Headstone; 14 Anjou; 16 Play fair; 19 Play-offs; 22 Lumps; 24 Paymaster; 26 Impel; 29 Coal pit; 30 Sphinx; 31 Dog-eared.
DOWN: 1 Hospital; 2 and 11 Sheet anchors; 4 Kinship; 6 Races; 7 Neologism; 8 Sashes; 9 Panama; 15 Jellyfish; 17 and 3 Fulminate of mercury; 18 Isolated; 20 Fetish; 21 Sirocco; 23 Spawns; 25 Ashen; 27 and 28 Paper weights.

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